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wrecked, by the enmity of the Goddess Juno, on the shores of

I.—Firstly, then as to the story itself:—Æneas, a Trojan

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a vow to her deceased husband, that if she ever fell in love wit and expire in the flames. Having refused the offer of marriag came violently enamoured of Æneas, who, however, was consurejection of his proposals, excites the anger of the Queen again Dido loses her reason. On recovering her senses, she remem perjured lover. In despair, she orders the funeral Pyrc to be heads, must tell its own tale.

liberties taken with the original story. The poetical licence the mark in saying that the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere the mark in Saying that the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere the mark in Saying that the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere the mark in Saying that the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere the mark in Saying that the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere the mark in Saying that the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere the mark in Saying that the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere the mark in Saying that the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere the mark in Saying that the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere the mark in Saying that the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere the mark in Saying that the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere the mark in Saying that the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere the mark in Saying that the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere the mark in Saying that the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere the mark in Saying that the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere the mark in Saying that the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere the mark in Saying that the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere the mark in Saying that the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere the thing that the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere the 'Time' of the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere the 'Time' of the 'Time' of

the mark in saying that the Scenc is laid in Africa. Where, th III.—**PLACE**. The Scenc is laid in Africa. Where, the put forth the following facts: larbas had been deeply engage of Gœtulian exchequer. King, Court, and People became insol commonly known as being Whitewashed. It is that he appeared though we should never confuse mental with physical data data though we should never confuse mental with physical data.

handed in their "little accounts" to our designing (no offence meant) Artist, who, after closely following the Ghostly instructions flatters himself IV.—COSTUME. Failing to obtain correct information from modern Authorness, an entering in their different shapes, and obligingly and the respective Dressmakers and Tailors of Dido, Æneas, and Iarbas having been summoned, appeared in their different shapes, and obligingly and the respective Dressmakers and Tailors of Dido, Æneas, and Iarbas having been summoned, appeared in their different shapes, and obligingly

that the patterns and colours are correct to a shade

Dido-2.

Miss CECILIA RANOE.  Miss ALICE EVANS.  Miss M. WATSON.  Miss SOWARD.  Miss ELISE.  Mr. W. DAVY.  Mr. W. DAVY.  Mrs. WYNDHAM.  Miss WYNDHAM.  Miss CLARA ST. CASSE.  Miss ELIZA ARDEN.  Miss RURRAY.  Miss RULLY MOORE.  Miss JULIA ASHTON.  Mr. A. DENIAL.  Mr. A. DENIAL.  Mr. STARTIN.  Mr. LEVER.  Mr. LEVER.
Geolds (King of the Winds, who, unable to draw a single dugli upon his own Exchequer, takes the earlies to protrumity of Russing the Wind)  Juno (A Design with a De) itty who, though as the wife of Jupiter, she has more to do with Evens than Earth, evines a tempe more vindicity than jorial)  Nowill Wind (Commonly known as Boreas, who ceases not to seize every opportunity for blowing of the tests)  Scotth asses)  (Who blow with such force that we may say,  Ext Wind  West Wind  Wes
Dido-3.

Thirst Performed at the ROYAL ST. JAMES'S THEATRE, on SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11th, 1860, An entirely New, Classical, Comic, Tragical, and Original Burlesque, by F. C. BURNAND, Esq., entitled

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"It is the present custom of Managers and Authors, on the production of any elassical piece, to place before the Public some prefatory remarks,

and explanatory notes, of such a nature as the exigencies of the Drama in question may seem to need.

wrecked, by the enmity of the Goddess Juno, on the shores of Africa. Here he is brought before Dido, Queen of Carthage. This lady had made and expire in the flames. Having refused the offer of marriage made by Iarbas, King of Gætulias, she forgetting the above-mentioned oath, became violently enamoured of Æneas, who, however, was consumed with no less a passion for Anna, sister of Queen Dido. Iarbas, enraged at the rejection of his proposals, excites the anger of the Queen against the false Trojan Prince, who, in the end elopes with Anna, and the unhappy Dido loses her reason. On recovering her senses, she remembers the rash vow made to the "late lamented," and broken for the sake of her perjured lover. In despair, she orders the funeral Pyre to be prepared, and then-But for the rest, the Piece of which we have but given the I.—Firstly, then as to the story itself :- Æneas, a Trojan Prince, having escaped with his father Anchises from the burning of Troy, is a vow to her deceased husband, that if she ever fell in love with any one after his death, she would with her own hand light her funeral Pyrc,

II.-TIME. The Anachronism committed by the Latin Poet in placing Eucas in the time of Dido, must be our excuse for some slight liberties taken with the original story. The poetical licence has thrown in our way some Chronological difficulties; but we shall not be far from the mark in saying that the 'Time' of the piece is somewhere between Seven and Eleven, every evening until further notice. heads, must tell its own tale.

put forth the following facts: Iarbas had been deeply engaged in war with several Barbaric tribes, and consequent expenses had drained the Gætulian exchequer. King, Court, and People became insolvent, and in order to be released from their embarassments, underwent the process commonly known as being Whitewashed. It is that he appears before the Great Queen, and hence Dido's cutting and insignificant remarks. III.—PLACE. The Scene is laid in Africa. Where, then, it will be asked, are the Blacks? Careful research has however enabled us to And though we should never confuse mental with physical darkness, yet in his conduct will be found qualities niggardly enough to satisfy the most

IV.—COSTUME. Failing to obtain correct information from modern Authorities, an eminent Spirit-rapping medium has been employed, and the respective Dressmakers and Tailors of Dido, Æneas, and Iarbas baving been summoned, appeared in their different shapes, and obligingly handed in their "little accounts" to our designing (no offence meant) Artist, who, after closely following the Ghostly instructions flatters himself that the patterns and colours are correct to a shade

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Geolus (King of the Winds, who, unable to draw a single draft upon his own Exchequer, takes the earliest opportunity of Raising the Wind)  Juno (A Deity with a D (e) itty who, though as the wife of Jupiter, she has more to do with Evans than Earth, evinces a tempe more vindictive than jovial)  NORTH WIND (Commonly known as Boreas, who ceases not to seize every opportunity for blowing	such force that we may say,  so non disputandum,  nting against the Breezes.  talogue, on account of his moving tale which t must be described as a finished gentleman)	Anna (The original 'Sister Anne,' with an hankering after Æneas, and, in consequence, a certain a certain	HEAR (Commonly called the "Pious" or pie ouse, because he so narrowly e caped baking in the flames of Troy, only saving his own bacon by flight)  IARBAS (King of Gentlia and More for the flame)	Salamenes  (Prime Minister at the Court of Carthage, in its Palmy days)  Arbaces (Who being the first Lord in waiting, never keeps the Queen waiting for a second)  Anchises (The Father of Æneas, who, to having been taken at Trong to the first lord)	Shipwreckthat he is unable to speak, and appears as a mere nonenity or a "pas de tout")  ACHATES (The Faithful Friend of Æneas, who was so often doing something wrong, hence the proverb,	CAPTAIN O'RONTES, R.N. (R. N. i. c. Wrecked Navigator. The man at the wheel, who during the storm, attended to his own and has been been storm,	

Dido-3.

### SCENE 1. CAVE OF THE WINDS.

King Golus on his lofty Throne—Arrival of Juno—Specimen of the "odium Theologicum"—Raising the Wind—A sink of misery—The WRECK.

### Scene 2. A Lonely Spot on the Shores of Africa.

A case of real distress-The true reason given to Æneas, King of Oh dear (Odea) -Attempted felo de se prevented by the appearance of a strange fellow de sea.

# SCENE 3. THE WALLS OF CARTHAGE IN PROCESS OF BUILDING.

the King of Gætulia-The Suitor who doesn't suit her-Arrival of a rival-Eneas' party, "The power of Love," and all depart to Striking Situation of workmen-Grand Procession-Dido opens the Carthagnian Session with a Speech from the throne-Iarbas a grand banquet.

### SCENE 4. CORRIDOR IN DIDO'S PALACE.

The note which serves as a key to the conduct of Iarbas-Blinded by love-Eneas wishes that with Anna he could go to sea.

### Scene 5. THE CHAMBER.

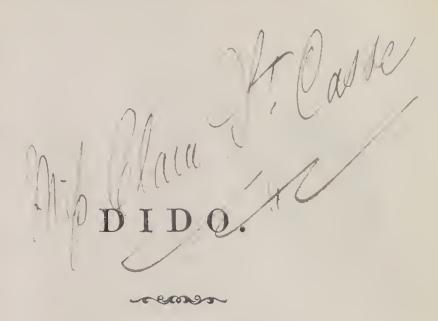
The Plot! The Passion! The Perfidy! The Predicament!

## Scene 6 and Last. TEMPLE of JUNO and VIEW of MEDITERRANEAN.

Ballet-DANCE OF FISHERMEN.—Fishermen dance to a catch—Temporary insanity of Dido-She executes a deed of recovery-The Broken Vow.

### THE FUNERAL PYRE!!

Dido don't die-Justice is appeased, and All's well that ends well.



### SCENE FIRST .- Cave of the Winds.

Eolus sitting R., on a rocky throne—Two Attendants fanning him with bellows—a Band of Wind Instruments playing, L. 2 E.—a windlass—four cradles, R. and L., in three of which are the North, East, and West Winds—the fourth being empty—a ventilator practicable in rock, L.

CHORUS.—" A Life on the Ocean Wave."

A life in Œolian Cave,
A home 'mid the rocks so steep,
How quiet we all behave,
While the Winds their cradles keep.
And when we get out for a blow,
With the petticoats we play,
The hats and caps off go,
And all that comes in our way!
A life in Œolian Cave, &c.

Brass Band plays—Boreas leaves his cradle and dances to symphony.

(Eolus. Now "cease, rude Boreas!" your conduct's coarse!

Just stop your capers, give us no more sauce.

Boreas. (pettishly) All my attempts at slumber Morpheus mocks.

EOLUS. (to ATTENDANTS) Rock him to sleep.

BOREUS. (going to cradle) I cannot sleep 'mid rocks.

CEOLUS. Resume your snoozing—try to get a wink
Of sleep—you'll not be wanted yet I think.
There's nothing stirring, all the sharp work I know,
Is sitting on this rock. 'Tis very slow!
I'm getting bankrupt, sad it is to say it,
When the Winds ask their quarter I ean't pay it.
The Gods on business never now here call,
This fall in Winds to me is no windfall.

Music—The ventilator L. opens, and South Wind enters, lazily, fanning herself à la Spanish dancer.

What, back so soon, South Wind, you lazy 'cratur?' You went out late.

South. (affectedly) Then through the went-i-lator I've just returned. You're badly off for chairs.

(sits languidly on rock, L.

CEOLUS. Conceited wind! she gives herself such airs! You've something got to tell—now say what is it? South. Oh, Juno's coming here to pay a visit.

(goes up to cradle. Eolus. Well, that's good news. (barking of doys heard) Aha! methinks I hear

The deity in question drawing near. She comes!

Music.—"Bow, wow, wow."

Enter Juno in a car drawn by Skye Terriers, L.

Juno. Come, get on, stupids! (descends) They can't run like harriers,

They do go slow, but then, you see, they're tarryers. Œolus. Peacocks you used to drive.

Juno.

At first, Lown

For the in clouds, skye terriers were unknown.

They're out of wind.

(Eolus. They'll find it here. Old Œ,

You're just the gentleman I want to see.

Œolus. Great queen, how's Jove and all at home?

Juno.

Ceolus. And Venus?

Juno. Oh, she's sinking very low.

She's condescended, sir, to be—this is between us, (confidentially.

Shown for one shilling as the "Model Venus."

**E**olus. Impossible!

Juno. I give it as a fact.

But come, I have some business to transact, So let's about it.

Œolus. Ma'am, I'm all attention To anything that you see fit to mention.

(Music.

SONG.—Juno—" Waggity a."

JUNO. There is a young man as you knows very well.

Œolus. Tit fol. (whistles)

Juno. That his name is Æneas 'tis useless to tell.

(impressively) Waggity a.

Œolus. Yes, as you say.

BOTH. Waggity, waggity, &c.

Juno. This gentleman now is a sailing the sea,

Tit fol. (whistles)

Engaged on a matter that's hateful to me.

Waggity a.

Colus.

Вотн.

Yes, as you say. Waggity, &c. &c.

Juno. So Œolus prithee obey my behest,

Tit fol. (whistles)

And capsize the Trojan, the way you know best,

Waggity a.

CEOLUS.

(whistling doubtfully) Waggity a.

BOTH. (whistling) Waggity, &c.

Œolus. But why this rage?

Juno. What, can you ask? Sure, you know

The judgment in RE VENUS versus Juno, By Paris given, when he, vile disgrace!

Insulted Juno to her very face,

Despised my beauty, and when he had seen us,

Gave a decision on the side of Venus.

Œolus. Aha! I see—and so—

Juno. That's it precisely.

Œolus. You mean—(indicating threatening)

Juno. Yes.

Œolus. Ah! (slyly) Oho!

Juno. You've hit it nicely.

Æneas, son of Venus, sails the sea, Mighty and high—

Œolus. As Venus's son should be.

Juno. He seeks Italia's *clime* to try his game, Hoping to *climb* the pinnacle of fame. At Carthage he must stop.

Eolus. That's Afric's shores.

He'll try his little game upon the Moors. To fight 'gainst Venus might, I say, it might Be awkward.

Juno. (significantly) It would be a precious sight,
More awkward Juno's will to cross.

(Eclus. (aside) Oh, demmy!

I feel upon the horns of a dilemmy. (aloud) You'll do the handsome?

Juno. (giving her hand) Yes, pounds, shillings, pence.

Œolus. Agreed. "My poverty, and not my will consents." I've against Neptune an old score to pay,

He called me an Eolian liar t'other day.

Juno. Still harping on it? Now you have a chance

To lead our briny friend a pretty dance.

The object of our vengeance you shall see.

Shift, rocks! Appear, Æneas! One, two, three!

Back of SCENE opens, and discovers ÆNEAS' Galley sailing on a calm sea—the Four Winds leave their cradles, and express in pantomime their readiness for the work—Music.

DISTANT CHORUS OF ÆNEAS AND PARTY.—" Row, row homeward we steer."

Oh, oh, onward we sail,
Rowing don't bore us,
Oh, oh, fearing no gale,
We sing this chorus.

Juno. (L.—to Œolus, R.) List how the sailors,
Simpletons merrily go!
Eolus. Soon they'll be wailers,
When my Winds blow.

(Chorus as before, gradually dying away in distance, and as the boat glides off, the opening gradually closes)
Eolus. They think not of the coming storm at all.

They'll stop their singing when we raise our squall. Arouse, my Winds!

Winds come forward—pantomime business.

North, South, East, and West,

Go, do your worst-of course, I mean your best.

SONG .- Œolus-"Blow the winds."

Blow, ye Winds, on the ocean,
Blow, ye Winds, on the sea,
If there's not a commotion,
Why, in that case blow me!
Blow, ye Winds, &c.

The SCENE re-opens at back, discovering another part of the Sea—Æneas and Party sailing, as before—the Four Winds work bellows r. and l. at back.—
Enter Trade Winds, Breezes, Puffs, Draughts, &c. &c.—the ventilator moves violently. Hurried Music.—A storm arises—thunder, lightning—ship strikes on a rock—cry of Sailors—Œolus and Winds execute a pas of joy, while Juno, having mounted her car, drives off, waving her pocket-handkerchief as scene closes.

SCENE SECOND.—Landscape—a Lonely Spot on the Shores of Carthage. A board painted up with "Notice—All persons found trespassing," &c.

Enter ÆNEAS, L., as a begging sailor.

Music—"Ye Gentlemen of England."

ÆNEAS. (singing as he enters) "Ye gentlemen of Africa, who—(looks about)

What, no one here? My singing vain appears. Land may have necks and tongues—it has no ears.

None to be done, and nothing here to do.

(takes off begging paper, "I'm starving," which hangs round his neek, and rolls it up)
"I'm starving." Ah, it happens to be true!

On air I cannot feed, howe'er one stuffs,

Not even when it comes to me in puffs.

(sits on bank, R.

I wonder what's become of our small party,
Who, yesterday, were sailing well and hearty?
I saw our shipwrecked crew sink in the bay,
'Twould be a subject fit for Frith, R.A.
And if the shore last night they failed in gaining,
I am the only landseer now remaining.
Being no gambler, I'll ne'er trust again
My fortune to the chances of the main.
What shall I eat or drink? I'm fain to say,
With th' advertisement, "Where shall I dine to-day?"
But there's no answer. Oh, by fate, I'm beaten!
The prawns, unless they're cooked, cannot be eaten.
If I could boil 'em—this truth must be borne
In mind, which is, of course, first catch your prawn.

(starts, as if struck by a sudden idea. Oh, if I could—(takes stage—stops) but then I couldn't. I

Will sing a lay then lay me down and die.

SONG.—ÆNEAS—"This flower, Fair Maid."

Would I ne'er strayed across the sea,
On foreign shores to roam,
I should not now so wretched be,
If I had stayed at home.
My parent and unhappy crew,
An ill wind here hath blown,
For Davy Jones they've all gone,
And I am left all alone.

(ÆNEAS at end of song, takes rope from his waist and begins making a noose.
'Twill soon be o'er—I have an apprehension

In many straits, this is the best suspension.

Bother! too short! perplexing situation! This halter wants a little halteration. I did complain of thirst—now for the drop. Here goes—make ready—off!

(about to hang himself.

### Enter Talking Fish, L.

Fish. Hallo, there! stop! ÆNEAS. Tadpoles and ticklers of trout defend us!

Walton and Groves, of Bond Street, courage lend us! Com'st thou with sauce of shrimps or melted butter, Or with a name a'most too long to utter, As Icthyosaurus! terrible but droll.
Say, can'st thou be a disembodied sole
Come for the day from Erebus' dark portal?
Or, like myself, merely a herring mortal?
Speak—speak! before thou goest from this ground.
Say something! if a cod, you've got a sound.
Speak! for to know your name's my earnest wish.
I charge thee, speak!

Fish. I am the talking fish!

ÆNEAS. The talking fish! he's dead.

Fish. I am another—
The fish whom you allude to was my brother.

He talked himself to death.

ÆNEAS. I know, of course,
The talking fish became a talking hoarse.

I saw him just before his death—so pale and thin he Died; o'er his grave this epitaph, J'ai finie.

Fish. I'm going to take his place—the secret's mine,
And am about to try the singing line,
Perhaps at court.

ÆNEAS. Before the Prince of Wales?

Fish. Yes, so I'm here just getting up my scales.

What can I do for you?

ÆNEAS. Rum fish, don't sell me;
But if you can, my piscatorial, tell me
Where I can get some food and drink?

Fish. I know;

Up to the new town yonder you must go!

This is North Afric's port.

ÆNEAS. That makes me very

Glad, for here one can't drink South Afric's sherry.

Fish. I'll be your guide.

ÆNEAS. (taking his fin) Lead on—I follow—steady! Fish. Let me arrange my tail, and now I'm ready.

DUET.—ÆNEAS AND FISH.—" College Hornpipe."

ÆNEAS. I own it surprises me to see
A fish as you appear to be,
So ready to go over hill and dale,
So easily stepping on your tail.

FISH. But stranger things you'll see. ÆNEAS. Oh pish!

A stranger thing than a talking fish!

Fish. Yes, a joint stock bank as safe as you could wish, Is by far a stranger thing than a talking fish.

### TOGETHER.

Fish. Does it really surprise you so to see, &c.

ÆNEAS. I own it surprises me to see A fish as you appear to be

So ready to go over hill and dale,

Fish. So please don't go a stepping on my tail.

ÆNEAS. So easily a stepping on your tail.

Hornpipe and exeunt, L.

- SCENE THIRD.—The Walls of Carthage in Process of Building—distant view of sea—Workmen employed in building, lifting stone, &c.
- Soldiers on guard, and a Carthaginian Policeman on duly—Conon, as overseer, walking up and down with a whip.

MUSIC,—"Zingarella, Chorus in Trovatore"

(the clock strikes—Workmen throw down their hammers, Conon. What, strike! and cease your striking? this won't do.

1st WORK. The clock struck one, and therefore we strike, too.

We go to dine.

Conon. Your contract, as I'm thinking, Didn't say anything of grub or drinking.

1st Work. We cannot live on nothing, that's quite visional.

Conon. Well, perhaps you're right—the contract was provisional.

Who's this approaching in a scarlet coat?

(WORKMEN go up-martial music heard in the distance.

Enter a TRUMPETER, R. 2 E.—he performs an obligato.

You seem to be the bearer of a note.

TRUMPETER. I've come to say Queen Dido's drawing near.

Prepare to welcome her. (martial music louder)
She's there, you hear. Exit, L. 2 E.

Conon. Fly to your work in every direction, I 'spect there'll be a general inspection.

WORKMEN resume building—Martial music, "Prophete'

- Enter a Procession, R—Salamenes, Arbaces, Dido in a large car or perambulator, holding a parasol—Dancing Girls fanning her, as in the procession in Sardanapalus from which she descends, and sits on throne, L.
- Dido. Illustrious nobles, gentlemen, and navvies, The greatest pleasure as you know I have is

To see you here. (reads from a speech which has been given her by Salamenes. "We wish all wars to cease;

We'll do our best abroad to keep the peace.

We have with our ally a treaty made,

Encouraging the movement of Free Trade.

Some 'tarnal 'cute ones,' tho' they've made a fuss,

Out of San Juan, shan't be Jewing us.

Failing two rival powers to bring together,

The Moors may Spain, or Spain Morocco leather.

We is—we am—" excuse this sort of stammer,

Our Premier has employed such wretched grammar.

(turns fiercely to Salamenes.

Salam. (R. c., apologetically) Your majesty—Dido. This trifling with your queen is—

(to GUARDS) Off with his head—so much for Salamenes!

(GUARDS seize SALAMENES.)

SALAM. Most gentle Queen! 'tis a most bitter cup. Dido. Why then, sir, did you put my monkey up? SALAM. I didn't mean it—grant me an escape;

And, though your *monkey's* up, pray spare a nape. Dido. We from our presence banish you, and though

You've saved your head—pack up your trunk and go! SALAM. Let me stay here; to write your life's my object. Dido. I see you want to make your queen your subject.

With any further plaints you need not bore us, We pardon you—to business, sing a chorus.

SONG AND CHORUS.—"Campdown Races."

Dido. The Carthaginians sing a song.

ALL. Dido, Dido!

Dido. The walls of Carthage nine miles long.

ALL. Dido, Dido, da!

Did Ye build 'em all the night; Ye build 'em all the day;

For a tanner, for a tizzy, for a joey, for a bob,

Not a penny more or less your pay.

Chorus. We build, &c.

SALAM. Queen Dido sits upon her throne.

Dido, Dido!

Once she was married, but now she's a lone Widow, Widow, da!

She swears she'll never wed, But she'll change her mind some day; For a florin, for a cent, she will repent, And pitch her weeds away.

CHORUS.

She swears, &c.

DIDO. I think you'd better hold your row,

I do, I do!

I never more will be, I vow,

A bride oh! bride oh, gay!

You can't make me say yes, When I have once said nay,

Not a tanner, not a tizzy, not a joey, not a bob, Will make me change my "nay."

CHORUS.

We can't, etc.

DIDO. Where is my sister Anna!

SALAM. She comes, withal In joyous mood to make a morning call.

Music.—Enter Anna, L., attended—Dido rises to receive her.

DIDO. Sweet sister! (preventing Anna from kneeling.)
Nay, of you I was just talking.

Anna. On the sea shore, dear, I've just come from walking, Studying my fav'rite poets. Need I tell ye

The works I read were those of Crabbe and Shelley. I met a man of letters on my way.

Dido. An author?

Anna. No, a postman—come to say
That for you he'd a letter.

Dido. Bring it forth.

(ATTENDANT hands letter to MINIA.

Anna. (reading direction, and giving it to Dido) "Queen Dido, Carthage, Africa, N. North," (goes up.

Dido. (reading letter, appears troubled)

SALAM. (R., to ARBACES) What ails the queen?

Arbaces. (aside to Salamenes) She frowns.

SALAM. She winks. She sneezes.

Observe her rolling eyes. (DIDO goes to ANNA). And now she seizes

Her sister's hand. My friend, I'll bet a brown There's something up, and—

SALAM. Hush! she's coming down.

(DIDO comes down, letter in hand, tragically bringing

Anna forward.)

Prodigious impudence! Intense presumption! Has the man lost all claims to wit or gumption? Is't possible! (goes off into a reverie.

Anna. (aside) I fancy, by her manner, She's slightly cracked.

Dipo.

Assist your sister, Anna.

I'm in a fix.
Anna. (laughs vaguely) Ha, ha!

Dido. It is no joke, we

Are in a stew.

Anna. So I am.

Dido. That's tu quoque.

Hold, hold, my heart! I feel my bosom busting, And this young girl whom I'd be fondly trusting With all my woes, she goes off in a titter!

Anna. (aside) I'll try the art consoling. (aloud) Poor dear creatur'!

Come tell me, Dido, wherefore this sensation?

Dido. Can I control my virtuous indignation?
This letter, ah! Oh sister!

Anna. Let us see.

Come tell your Anna,—won't you let her be Your comforter?

DIDO. I'll tell you all, just listen,
He says if I will join my hand to his'n,
He'd be delighted.

ANNA. Who?

Dido.

To pay a visit: he'll be here to day,
And signs in phraseology peculiar,
"Yours truly, King Iarbas of Getulia."

(Flourish of trumpets.

Anna. He comes! you'll entertain his proposition? Dido. We'll take our seats upon the opposition.

(reseats herself as before.

SALAM. Say shall we greet him with some loud hurrahs? DIDO. I s'pose you mean an escort of hussars.

SALAM. Cheering, I mean, now he's our station near. Dido. No—stop, we will. Arbaces, place a chair. (Arbaces places a chair, R.

Music—"Jordan's a hard road"—Enter IARBAS with THREE ATTENDANTS as serenaders, R.—they play symphony of song.

SONG.—IARBAS—" Curiosity shop."

Great Dido to this land you newly are Come, and you may have heard tell Of Iarbas the King of Getulia—

I am that identical swell. (strikes an attitude

I've come here without any retinue,
It may seem, perhaps, rather rude;
But I feel such a pleasure in meeting you,
I hope you don't think I intrude.

My proposition's matrimonial,
My object in coming, to sue;
We'll share your possessions colonial,
If you'll be Mrs. I number two.

(Attendant gives him a roll of paper with "address" written on it—Iarbas opens it, and then, as if reading from the paper, sings)

IARBAS. Rum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tum, tiddy, tum.
All. Tiddy tum.

DIDO. (doubtfully) Rum, tum, tum, tido, tum, ta.

ANNA. (to DIDO) Rum, tum, etc.

ALL. (in different styles) Rum, tum, tum, tido, tum, ta.

DIDO. Now once for all, sir, list to my intention, it Is to shun men for ever.

Pray don't men-tion it.

Permit me to recall a few small matters,
Your suitor is no vagrant, ma'am, in tatters,
Although, in fact, I have enormous rents,
A goodly income in the three per cents;
No mortgage now my wealthy estate clogs,
I've horses, hounds—

D<sub>1DO</sub>, You're going to the dogs,

(IARBAS starts.

In your discourse, I mean.

IARBAS. No warrior bolder!

Dido. You might be younger.

IARBAS. True—but I'm a holder

Of many paying shares. We'll let that pass-

I've mines of silver, copper, tin-

Dido. (significantly) And brass.

IARBAS. You of my statement's truth this deed assures: (hands paper.

If you'll be mine, what's mine, will then be yours.

Just let me add, that I've insured my life,

Wilt not this tempt you, queen, to be my wife?

Dido To answer you at once I am not able; Let your petition lie upon the table.

IARBAS. I'd hazard all with you my suit to push on.

Dino. (pointing to chair, R.) Pray drop the hazard, sir, and try the cushion.

There, take a seat. (IARBAS exits R.)

Salam. Great queen, Policeman B

Awaits an audience of your majesty.

Dido. Alas! a queen's a person to be pitied, I'm tired. (pettishly) Let policeman B—admitted.

SALAMENES ushers in Inspector B., Policeman X. Æneas, Anchises, Captain, and Achates, R.

INSPECTOR. (formally) From information I received, your worship—

DIDO. Yes, pass

On to the charge

INSPECTOR. 'Tis prigging, ma'am, and trespass.

(pointing to ÆNEAS, &c.) In the police-sheet they're termed shipwrecked mariners.

Dido. Who are you, sir? speak up!

AENEAS. Distinguished foreigners. Poor and in rags, or as you see in loose hose,

Cast on a foreign shore a troop of Crusoes; The winds and waves with us played pitch and toss.

Ours was a "sale with an amazing loss."

Leaving our ship we tried the boats. What folly! Our Jolly boat was anything but jolly.

And here we are, in the most precious mess.

Believe me 'tis a case of real distress.

DIDO. Your whence and wherefore tell.

ÆNEAS. All in good time,

My story can't be worse, e'en tho' in rhyme.

SONG.—ÆNEAS—" Alteration."

I'm going to tell you a little story, which none of you seem to know,

Of something which happened to this poor child not a very long time ago.

How Greeks did meet, with dodge and cheat,

Of sad defeat, equine deceit,

Old Priam for to chizzle;
Who with the spoons, in pantaloons,
Out of his bed, like winking fled,
Then lost his head, and so was dead,
While armies bled, and streams of red
The city fed, and then I said

I think I'd better mizzle.

Now all I've got to ask you for's your kind commiseration; Just tell me don't you think it was an hawful situation! Chorus. Situation! situation! what an hawful situation,

### AIR-" Lord Lovel."

ÆNEAS.

Now where shall we go?
My family cried,

Now where shall we go, said we!
So leaving his bedstead,
(pointing to Anchises) Anchises suggested
That Carthage we'd better go see, see, see, etc.

Quoth he, tho' it late is,
Pack up my Penates,
And dry up your trickling tears;
And then in a crack,
He jumped on my back,
A wonderful thing for his years, etc.

AIR—" Bay of Biscay."

We sailed the Mediterranean,
We calmly sailed for hours;
But the night set in a rainy 'un,
And the storm came down in showers.

Our brave and noble crew All looked uncommon blue; And the man at the wheel. Began to feel

Very queer, and anything but frisky, oh!

CHORUS. And the man, etc.

The mast and tackling rent by The thunder of the poles, We cried this storm is sent by Jove, master of the rolls!

The boat with sudden shock

Struck bang (drum) upon a rock!

On our beam end, Gently we descend

All among the prawns and periwinkles, oh!
CHORUS. (imitating sinking) On our beam end, etc.
(during the song DIDO and ANNA display great emotion
—IARBAS watches them suspiciously)

Dido. (coming forward, crosses—aside) That lust'rous eye, that noble mien, means summ'at,

I'll question him, and by that means I'll come at The truth. With sudden love I'm struck I fear! I feel it, oh! I feel it, here! here!

Shall he be King? for such an one I've sighed, oh!

(meditates, then takes out a coin.

Heads, "Yes." Tails, "No." (tosses) Heads! it's all up with Dido.

Oh! rapture, joy! (seeing IARBAS) I must myself restrain,

Down! down my heart!—Dido's herself again! (aloud) Your name, young swell!

ÆNEAS. Æneas!

Dido. Ha! of Troy?

ÆNEAS. You've heard my fame, then?

DIDO. (à la Paul Bedford) I believe you, my boy! ÆNEAS. (introducing ANCHISES and PARTY) My Guv'ner and my friends!

Dido. They're mine.

(Eners and Dido go up—Dido introduces Anna, etc. Iakbas. (coming forward, R.) So, so!

I see which way the wind begins to blow.

To see them billing while my blood is biling, This trifling with affection I can't stand!

(DIDO comes down, c.—ÆNEAS, L. C.—ANNA, L.

Tell me, proud Queen, do you refuse my hand?

Dido. I do.

IARBAS. Reject a King! you didn't ought. Dido. The king does not offend, it is his court

That I object to. (engages ÆNEAS in conversation, who

is flirting with ANNA.

IARBAS. (aside) Now with rage I tremble!
By all the Gods—but soft! I must dissemble.

(aloud, and with great urbanity) Then I resign all

claims: on this occasion

Encountering defeat with resignation. (aside, savagely) My day will come!

Dido. Now list, friends, one and all,

Receive a general invitation to a ball. To night we give it, and a spread in honour Of our most noble guest's arrival on our Shores. Now the festive board awaits us, so Let us depart at once. Supperward, ho!

QUINTETTE AND CHORUS.—"La Favorita"

Dipo.

Sit by my side, sir,
To the feast repair;
I will provide, sir,
Such a bill of fare.
Oh! such a rout,
So royal a display.
Now let us shout!

(all come forward, then very quietly.

ÆNEAS.

What a game of play!
I'll by your side, ma'am,
To the feast repair,
If you'll provide, ma'am,

(aside) Her love, I doubt, I ever can repay.

Dipo. (interrupting) Why don't you shout?

(ÆNEAS, about to shout—all stop their ears—then very quietly.) What a game of play!

Anna. (aside to Æneas) I ne'er can hide, sir,
Yet I can't declare
Much as I've tried, sir,
Love which I feel, there
Ain't any doubt

That I can't single stay. Did. (suspiciously) What's that about?

Anna. Ahem!

(as before) What a game of play!

IARBAS. (aside, fiercely) If she's his bride,

They'll make a pretty pair,

They may deride

Iarbas, I don't care!

(darkly) What I'm about
I will to no one say,
'Twill be mine to shout,
What a game of play.

DIDO.

ÆNEAS.
ANNA.

(together)

Sit by my side, etc.
I'll by your side, etc.
I ne'er can hide, etc.
If she's his bride, etc.

Business of coming forward to shout—"à la Huguenots.'

Tableau, and scene closes.

### SCENE FOURTH.—Corridor in Dido's Palace.

Enter IARBAS, R. with letter.

IARBAS. Refused! Rejected by the queen, forsooth,
Who's fixed her choice upon a silly youth.
Women I know, so it is nothing new,
This strange caprice of hers. What shall I do?
Why, schemes of vengeance henceforth will I cherish.
Dido, Æneas, both of 'em shall perish.
(musing) For such an one as he I am a match,
I'll fight him, yes, I'll bring him to the—(rubbing his
nose with letter)—scratch.

No, no! (as if struck with a sudden idea) This note for Anna I have found,

Writ by Æneas, lying on the ground.

For this production no place could be better, On ground or off it is a lying letter.

To Dido will I show it—p'raps 'tis spiteful—Revenge is sweet, I think it quite delightful.

SONG.—IARBAS.—"The Miller of the Dee."

When I'm alone upon my throne I'm fond of tyranny.

Above their breath to talk 'tis death to Any one but me.

The queen me chaffed so, courtiers laughed so Sar-cas-ti-cal-ly.

It's very clear at present here that Nobody cares for me.

But with this note I'll set afloat, A deep conspiracy;

When Dido nigh to I will try to Work on her jealousy.

Æneas too, the day shall rue, When he tried rivalry;

And soon I'll take a bet I make a Somebody care for me.

Exit L.

Enter Anna, R., followed by ÆNEAS.

ÆNEAS. Dear Anne!

Anna. Sir!

ÆNEAS. Answer, wilt make no suggestion? I think 'tis evident I've popped the question.

You must be mine—your sister we don't fear.

Anna. Why must I, sir? your reason is'nt clear. I ask—

ÆNEAS. I'll tell you, tho' t'will make you vain, You are my reason, and you can't be plain, Oh, fly with me!

Anna. I do not think I can.

(aside) He's really such a very nice young man,

That I can't well refuse.

ÆNEAS. You answer yes,

Will you not speak?

Anna. No, lovers ought to guess.

ÆNEAS. From what?

Anna. The language of the eyes.

ÆNEAS. I see!

I'll be your pupil if you'll teach it me.

Anna. Your offer seems to me, dear, somewhat rash,

My pupil always is beneath the lash.

ÆNEAS. Your conduct's wrong, I may say, unjust quite, You shouldn't lash a pupil who's so bright.

But let us drop this trifling, time we waste, On you, my love, are my affections placed. Say you'll be mine, or else I'll—

(making as if he'd kill himself.

ANNA.

Oh, dear, don't

ÆNEAS, I must!

Anna. (giving hand) Then there! now will you?

At midnight we will leave this place behind us;

When once upon the sea, they'll never find us.

Your sister may be savage at our flight, But in my barque, we will not fear her bite.

Anna. Ah, if you'd married her.

ÆNEAS. Then from that mess well We'd have got clear with aid of Cresswell Cretswell. When left alone, I think she'll look as silly

As -

Anna. As the Indicator, Piccadilly.

To night we'll meet then, be it fine or wet.

ÆNEAS. Adieu?

Anna. Adieu! let's make it a du-ett.

DUETT.—ÆNEAS and ANNA—" Vein-tutt 'oblio perte"

Vain to track us on our way
All her efforts then may be!
Yes dear, when we've once gone away,

If she can get us, say we,

Why, she may, why, she may! But love on his wings will us bear

Like a swallow quickly flying o'er the sea,

Oh! what a sweet happy pair Then together we'll be!

There's a pro-ba-bi-li-ty, ANNA.

That both by her we may be

Stopped on our way.

If we're caught for us both it'll be,

Such a real sorry day, a Sorry day! sorry day!

We'll land on a foreign shore,

My timid, frightened heart will then beat free;

Ah, then we'll see her no more,

How happy we'll be!

Oh, how happy we'll be!

Vain to take us on the way, Вотн.

All her efforts then may be!

Yes, dear, when we've once sailed away,

If she can get us, say we,

Why, she may, why she may!

But love on his wings will us bear,

Like a swallow flying quickly from the shore!

Oh what a sweet happy pair! Naught shall sever us more!

Exeunt, Anna, R., ÆNEAS, L.

SCENE FIFTH.—Room in Dido's Palace—Curtains over c. door—a table, L. c.

Enter Dido, R. with letter, followed by IARBAS.

Dido. Æneas false? from his own lips I'll hear it, I'll know the worst for now I can but fear it.

IARBAS. At any rate, I trust you'll soundly rate him.

Dipo, I loved that man, and now—

IARBAS. (cringingly)

And now-

I hate him. Dido. (fiercely) IARBAS. (pleasantly) I'm really glad to see you so vivacious.

Dido. (scornfully) Go, sir!

Permit me just to— IARBAS.

Leave me.

Dido. (sharply) IARBAS. (DIDO takes a step towards him, IARBAS staggers off, R.) Oh, my gracious! Exit IARBIS, R.

DIDO. O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!

But I've no time for a soliloquy,

For here he comes—I'll act upon my whim And hide myself—oh, couldn't I hide him!

Exit behind curtains, c.

Enter ÆNEAS and ACHATES, L.

ÆNEAS. We sail to-night, where is the new flotilla That's just been built?

ACHATES. 'Tis sailing on the biller.

ÆNEAS. That's well, Achates, take to them the news, Ask if the crew are ready for their cruise.

And If all's right, haul up the anchor. Say, We'll start 'twixt midnight and the break of day. (looking about cautiously) Can you be secret?

ACHATES. That I can.

ÆNEAS. (as before)
And wary?
ACHATES. I'll keep a secret better far than Rarey.
ÆNEAS. This of the matter is the very gist—
ACHATES. I am all ears.

ÆNEAS. Listen, while I enlist
Your sympathetic ear upon my side, oh!
Dido loves me, but—

Dido appears at curtain.

ACHATES.

What?

ÆNEAS.

I ove not Dido.

(Dido half draws dayger.

ACHATES. I see, you love Miss Anna?
ÆNEAS. Yes, My sanity. (Miss-Anna-ty)

Is quite endangered. And without much vanity, I think that she loves me. My heart is throbbing. My blood is boiling, and my pulse is bobbing; To talk in such a strain you may think comical, The love of Anna makes me An(n)atomical.

ACHATES. Poor boy!

ÆNEAS. Don't pity! in the morn I shall,
With a fair gale, set off with this fair gal.
I've told you all. I think you understand.
Order the tars to say ta, ta, to land.
Here, take this purse—'twill settle every score,
Which in the town you owe, and au revoir!

Execut ÆNEAS, L.—ACHATES, R.

Did comes from curtain, and comes slowly forward—then in a paroxysm of rage.

Dido. Oh, villain! 'damned, thrice perjured' vil-

lain! (half draws dagger)

Shall I—but no, he is not worth the killin'.

And I have loved that man! I did not know,
Until this moment that I loved him so!
I fêted, fed him on ducks and green peas—on
Every delicacy of the summer season.

And now he's played his part, he'd think of parting,
His love was "all my eye and Betty Martin!"

(falls on seat by table and cries.

This is unworthy of you, Dido! stop it! What, shed a tear for him? no, no, I'll drop it. Farewell! a long farewell to all my wooing! Oh, Dido, Dido, what have you been doing!

(takes stage.

Then that false girl, who calls herself my sister, I know he's squeezed her hand—I think he's kissed her.

Ye Gods! and (whistles) so, they're going to elope,
For both incline towards a gentle slope
To-morrow morn. They hug themselves as clever.
(darkly) To-morrow, tho' I think they say comes—
never!

I'll lay a trap—he'll fall in, little knowing
He's going to catch it when I catch him going.
Him of his Anna soon I help to ease 'll,

(getting excited) And then—and then—and then—

"Pop goes his weasel."

SONG,-Dido.-" The Ship's Carpenter."

When a girl is bamboozled and listens to flam, She becomes quite confoozled, and trusts to a sham; But when the deceiver, who first charmed her eye, Does quietly leave her, she sits down to cry.

(twiddling her fingers and singing dolefully. Diddle doddle diddle chip chop cho choorial li lay. Doddle doddle doddle chip chop cho choorial li lay.

When a man tries his game on a widow like me,
She takes it the same as the previous she.
He leaves, but the lady what to do quite well knows,
She don't sit and cry, to her lawyer she goes,
Who sends a letter to the gentleman in question,
stating the following unpleasant facts:

Diddle doddle diddle, &c. &c.

Now, tho' I won't make this a law case, 'cos why, 'Cos I'm not quite so fond of the law as to try; But vengeance I'll take, and he'll find it no fun, I'm a Nemesis, Furies, all rolled into one.

This sort of thing:—Diddle doddle, &c. &c.

She glides off, c. in a fiendlike manner, singing.

Enter Anna, R.—the stage has gradually grown dark.

Anna. How dark it is! Æneas! no, not here!
Some dark, unknown, calamity I fear.
And then he promised here to-night to meet me.
I know there is a curtain here—he's sleeping,
Perhaps, behind it, there's no harm in peeping.
If he awakes, dear me, what can I say?
And then for peeping people often pay;
Well, I will risk it, for 'twould be such fun—it
Must be done gently, tho'.

(pulls c. curtain aside and discovers DIDO standing pule and motionless, with lamp and dagger—Anna shrinks back—DIDO walks slowly forward, and places lamp on

table, R.

Dido. Young girl, you've done it.

Anna. (frightened) I came to see-

Dido. You're quite at sea just now. You've got yourself in such a jolly row.

Know you this writing? (produces letter)

Anna. (aside) Hah! (aloud and indifferently) It is the sort Which in six lessons for a pound is taught.

Dido. You know the writer?

ANNA. (aside) For fear I can't laugh!

(aloud) Perhaps it comes by Reuter's Telegraph.

Ah, everyone knows him.

Did Did Deceitful hussy!

That I don't scratch her eyes out it's a mussy.

(aloud and fiercely) 'Tis from Æneas, write to you, and when

I've told you that I know it—

ANNA. (coolly) Well, what then?

DIDO. What then? by such a question I'm perplexed.

What then? I'd like to ask of you what next?

Anna. Well, then, ma'am, since you are so very pressing,

You've asked the question, p'rhaps you'll think of guessing.

The answer to it.

DIDO. List, the one I love

Has set two eyes on you, called you his dove, When you are but his pigeon, foolish thing!

Anna. (looking down), Ring dove, he said-

Dido. No, dove without the ring.

He took the liberty to squeeze your hand.

Anna. Why yes—

He advocates the freedom of the press. I felt young Cupid's darts when first I saw My gallant captain.

DIDO. In the rifle corps.

He stole your love—a theft he cannot feel.

Anna. Well, as a soldier, ma'am, he's used to steal.

(changes her tone, and falls on her knees. Sister, Love's wound which to you I'm revealing,

Like the down train at Hanwell, is past (h) Ealing. Send me—I'm in your power—off to prison. 'Twas all my fault, I own, and none of his'n.

SONG,-Anna.-" Live or let me die."

Oh, turn not to me a deaf ear.

Pity him, pity me!

I don't defy you, sister dear,

Listen to my plea.

My lover I avow him.

Don't do him hurt, and I

Beg you this plan to try—

'Tis this—if you'll allow him

To live and let me die.

Dido. I have a heart of stone.

Anna. Oh, great suggestion!

Stone's were love pictures, the 'Momentous Question'

Dido. In vain you kneel.

Anna. No, I'm in vein for kneeling,

I know you understand the sort of feeling, Which to express, no words can I recall. You once were married, but I—not at all.

Dido. 'Tis bootless.

Anna. (rising) To no purpose, then, I s(h)ue. Won't you relent?

Dido. (is moved, but recovers) No, blow me if I do! I'll be revenged—my rage I cannot stifle,
No one unpunished shall with Dido trifle.

Anna. The trifte with you must have disagreed.

You will repent this.

Did (ironically) Shall I dear, indeed?

Perhaps you think I'll sit me down and sew,

If so, my sister, me you little know.

Bah! darn your needles! catch me ever sitting

Down with my housewife, pins, and things for knitting

You'll never see me, Anne, in that condition,

I'll buckle to fulfilling "Woman's Mission."

Leave me.

Anna. I will. (aside) This will all over blow When I go 'cross the water—what a go!

DUETT .-- "What are the wild waves saying."

Anna. What were you just saying,
Sister, before this song?
While of your heart betraying,
Sentiments somewhat strong.

Dido.

Bother! I stand no chaffing,
Mind you, upon this head.

Of my heart—now stop your laughing,
This is the thing I said:—

That 'tis a nutmeg grater,
A file or a flinty stone,
And like a refrigerator,
Such is the heart I own!

BOTH. No, no, no! no, no, no, no!

Dibo

ANNA.

That 'tis a nutmeg grater,
A file or a flinty stone,
Like a refrigerator,
Such is the heart I own.

Exit Anna, R., Dido goes up to table, L.

Dido. Æneas comes, now for my little plot;
I'll frighten him, but I will harm him not!
When he finds me, I fancy he'll look silly.
He comes to meet my sister, ha, ha! will he?
I'll play her part. Out, out! brief candle, out!
(extinguishes candle, stage dark.)

Now to take care of what I am about.

### Enter ÆNEAS, L.

ÆNEAS. I can't find Annie annie-where. I fear Some one has smelt a rat. Perhaps she's here— Anna!

Dido. (c, in a feigned voice) Æneas!

ÆNEAS. (approaching her) Oh! you're there, my charmer.
Come nearer, for you know I wouldn't harm yer.
Sweetest, your hand—I love you more than life.

Dido. (aside) Perfidious wretch!

AENEAS. And with you for my wife. We'd live so happily; when you are by my side, oh, How the time would pass.

Dido: And what of Dido?

ÆNEAS. Oh, that old lady-

DIDO. (aside) Hah!

ÆNEAS. Why, she will be,

A happy widow with cld maids and tea! In time most likely she will quite forget, That we, that's she and I, have ever met.

DIDO. (aside) Cool rascal!

ENEAS. There, so much for that transaction, But, Anna dear, I love you to distraction!
By your bright eyes, my heart's completely riddled, Your sister may be— (DIDO claps her hands.

Enter from c., Soldiers with drawn swords and flambeaux.

DIDO. (as SOLDIERS appear) What, sir!

ÆNEAS. (dumbfounded) Dido! (aside) Diddled

Dido. Surround and guard him, soldiers, when you hear The signal! Strike and slay the wretch.

ÆNEAS. (aside) Oh, dear!

(aloud) You must show mercy.

Dido. No, I'm not so flat,

On what compulsion must I, tell one that? A sailor and afraid! a coward, bah!

ÆNEAS. A sailor tho' may hate a coup d'etat.

(aside) That she's in a savage mood, my fear intense is. (aloud) You'll have to pay my funeral expenses.

DIDO. Hah!

ÆNEAS. (aside) Now I've gained the point I desire.

DIDO. Revenge would be too dearly bought! (to Soldiers. retire! Exeunt Soldiers, R.

ÆNEAS. 1 breathe again!

Dido. (scornfully) You need not be afraid.

Now well I know the temper of the blade,

And find it Brummagem—you've nicely shown it,

I did but try your pluck.

ÆNEAS. (aside) Oh, if I'd known it!

Dido. Take to your ships. Go now and find a site,
Beyond the sea, and all may yet be right,
When you have left this place. But, ah my lot,
Will be the funeral pyre and flames—all hot!
Such will be Dido's fate!

ÆNEAS. We'll meet—

Dido. (R.) No, never!

You go—I die—farewell!

ENEAS. Farewell! For ever!

### DUETT .- "Nothing more."

ÆNEAS. Now Dido you are old 'tis true, so Don't get in a rage,

I've searched the peerage through and through, so That I know your age.

With me you never could pass muster, Being near three score,

T'would settle me if I had, just a Kiss, and nothing more.

Dido. Æneas, for your base deceit,

My vengeance cannot cease,

And ne'er again we two must meet, Or I should break the peace.

My pretty foot, I could not trust, a Minuit near the door,

I'd send you down the stairs, with just a Kick, and nothing more.

(orchestra plays symphony, as if for the commencement of third verse, then changes suddenly to "Tarantella"—dance by Dido and Æneas, who exeunt dancing off opposite sides.

SCENE SIXTH.—The sea shore, with the last rays of sunset, L., and between rocks is the Portico of a Temple, steps leading up to it—Fishermen with their Wives, are dragging in nets.

### BALLET.

After which, enter Arbaces, R., Salamenes, L. Arbaces with net and cans, &c., as if from fishing.

SALAM. What sport?

ARBACES. (miserably) Don't mock me, ugh! (shivers) You didn't ought.

Do I look like a man who's had some sport? Scarce can I speak, I am so precious hoarse.

SALAM. What did you catch?

Arbaces. Catch? why, a cold, of course, I knew t'would be so-I shall soon be betterer.

SALAM. You used a net?

Arbaces. A line and an et cetera.

The little fishes at my bait did scoff,

I hooked it on, and then they hooked it off,

Breaking my net—t'was no use as you see. (showing net)

SALAM. You left the place?

Arbaces. No, sir, the place left me.

SALAM. (R.) Just like those fish, Æneas, t'other day, Got what he wanted, and then cut away,

Leaving our queen of reason quite bereft. ARBACE. You don't say so?

Alone she can't be left. SALAM.

'Tis a long tale—

Arbaces. (hastily) Another time instead; At present I am going off to bed. (sneezes) My feet in water hot-

SALAM. (trying to detain him) A case most cruel-Arbaces. And drink a pint or two of water gruel.

Breaks from Salamenes, and exit, L.

SALAM. I'll follow him. But ha, whom have we here? Dressed all in white—a woman—as I fear, It is the queen—of life she seems aweary; And mad as Lear, looking just as leary. A riddle strikes me "Why's she thus behaving, Just like a bird of night? 'Cos she's a raving. I'll go and tell her ladies all and each, She's wandering in her mind and on the beach; Then I'll return, soon as the news is known, "Oh, what a noble mind s here o'erthrown!

Exit SALAMENES, L.

### Music—" By the Sad Sea Waves."

Dido enters, R. 2 E.—her hair down, &c.—she sings "Come again, bright days," then taking comb from her hair, plays the symphony upon it.

Dipo. They say I'm mad. (laughs) He, he! what does it matter?

They tell me I am mad as any hatter. That some weak folks should think so I am glad. But why the dickens are the hatters mad?

Who was it that in wide-awakes soft dealt? Who was't described in words a stone to melt, My love's black hat as darkness which was felt, My hatter

Mad as a hare in March. It is the fate Of hares to be then in a rabid state. I am a hare. A sportsman comes! Hast got A licence? you'll be fined if you have not. I am not rubbish, and I won't be shot.

Oh, as I wander up and down the shore, I fancy I'm a little child once more.

SONG .-- "Shells of Ocean."

How oft with little wooden spade,
On Margate's shore I've pleasure ta'en,
And when a little hole I made,
I used to fill it up again.

The rippling wave my boots did wet,

A thing that drove my nurse quite wild,
Oh, what a warming I did get,
I'm glad I'm not again a child.

When the machine she brought me to,
The sight of one still me alarms,
A stout old lady, dressed in blue,
Came out, and took me in her arms.
My hands into her eyes I'd stick,

At being dipped I was so riled, I used to scream, and pinch, and kick, Oh, I was such a nice young child.

(retires up, and sits on rocks at back—gazing on the sea.

Enter Salemenes, Arbaces, and Courtiers, &c., L., on tiptoe—they advance cautiously—Dido sneezes—they run back, then advance.

SALEM. See—there she sits, and watches on, quite daft, Expectant of her cunning lover's craft.

To make her speak often to-day have I tried, 
Tongue-tied still sitting while the sea is high tide.

She comes!

Dido. (coming down) My bridesmaids here—it will enhance

Our pleasure if we try a little dance.

(reviving) I'm better now.

SALEM, (to ARBACES) What can have been the cure of it? Dido. Where am I?

SALEM. On the shore.

Dido. No, are you sure of it?

I ne'er shall move as heretofore so gaily, I feel quite ill and dizzy.

SALEM. Dizzy! raly!

DIDO. (hysterically) Ha, ha! ho, ho! (cries and sobs—suddenly stopping) That's a relief at last.

I'll cease my cry—the crisis being past.

I'm happy.

Enter Attendant, R., with a bundle of faggots—followed by Others.

Slave, who such a load doth send?

ATTENDANT. You said to me, great queen, at twelve attend.

DIDO. More faggots! What's it mean? Oh, sudden shock!

(as if recollecting.

He says I ordered him at twelve o'clock.
I vow'd I'd burn myself to-night. My head!
ATTENDANT. You said you would, and here's the wood, you said.

Exeunt Attendants into Temple.
Salam. Great queen, what means this lamentable go?
Dido. Just wait a minute, and I'll let you know.
Listen!

### (Mysterious Music.)

'Twas on the evening of my husband's death
When he was giving out his latest breath,
His eyes wore dim, and so to him I swore,
That if I ever loved another more,
After his death, I'd treat it as a crime,
And on the funeral pyre, burn myself. The time
Has come—my broken vow—I am afraid it
Was a rash oath. Oh, that I'd never made it!
(with joy) A substitute will do. (looking round, all appear glum) Aye, from these ranks?
Will no one take my place? (all shake their heads)

Dido. Alas! I fear 'tis very plain I'm booked,

The time is out out of joints, I must be cooked.

When I was getting happy too! Oh bother!

I've lost one flame, and now have got another.

Good bye, my friends!—good bye! (calling off.

L. U. E.) Light up the fire!

Music-Two Priests with knives and a large black veil come from temple, and set light to funeral pyre in front of temple.

My last appearance by particular desire. This day, in future years, by all the nation, Will be kept up as Burns' Commemoration. Adieu, my friends! 

Ascends steps of pyre.—Enter IARBAS, R.

IARBAS.

My vengeance is complete.

Dido. Iarbas here!

No longer at your feet. IARBAS.

You scorned me once, and now methinks you'll pay In full, my lady.

Dipo.

Not so fast, I say,

A substitute will do.

Quite so, but yet it IARBAS.

Is not at hand. (ironically) I wish that you may get it: Dido. (to Priests) Seize him! (Priests seize IARBAS)

IARBAS. (terrified)) What me?

Ay, think upon the past. DIDO. Go-burn him!

(PRIESTS throw veil over IARBAS and place him struggling in the flames—DIDO crossing to R.)

They laugh longest who laugh last.

The victim's paid. (gets c.) I'm free! (joyfully) I'll live! (relapsing) I won't!...

(draws dagger) I'll stab myself and die-one, two, three!

Enter ÆNEAS and ANNA, from boat at back—they run down, R. and L., and kneel on either side of DIDO, followed by Achates, etc.

ÆNEAS. & ANNA.

Don't

ÆNEAS. Pardon me, Dido.

Do not talk such stuff.

ÆNEAS. I'm married.

Then you're punished quite enough, DIDO. And I forgive you.

Thank you. ÆNEAS.

DIDO. Sister, speak!

Has't thou the face to kiss me?

Try my cheek. (embr ÆNEAS. I think I miss one of our comrade's faces? Dipo. Iarbas? Yes, he just now went—to blazes.

IARBAS appears from pyre, and comes down R. Alive!

IARBAS. And well, since, ma'am, the truth must told I They made the place a deal too hot to hold me.

ÆNEAS. How came you safe thro' flames to have be borne?

IARBAS. I learnt it from the Salamander at Cremorne. DIDO. But there, enough of this, the time is pressing, Æneas, Anna, hats off! take my blessing.

ÆNEAS. We're satisfied.

DIDO. 'Tis well. (to AUDIENCE) Our best we've tried, Say you are pleased and that's enough for Dido.

### FINALE.—" Reuben Wright,"

You've seen our play, I need not say, From Virgil's work 'tis ta'en, A poem known to all, you'll own,

(spoken) And for those who don't know our versiet of it, we will, with your kind permission, play ! To-morrow night again!

Dido. Ri chooral!

ANNA. Ri chooral!

IANEAS. Ri chum chooral lay.

ÆRBAS. Ri chooral!

DIDO. Ri chooral!

(all come forward, ÆNEAS as if about to address th AUDIENCE, DIDO stops him, saying)

Dido. Moral!

Ri chum chooral lay!

CHORUS. Ri chooral, &c.

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